THE OBSERVER.

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

The friend of Socrates, the friend of Plato,
But above all, the friend of truth.

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For the Observer.

BEATRICE IRONSIDE'S BUDGET.

Bid her be all that cheers and softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend and wife.

The recent exhibitions of the pupils of Mrs. Lacombe and Mrs. Baconais, have set forth a display of female acquirements, truly honourable to those who conduct these institutions, and flattering to the parents of children of such high promise. The progress which these young ladies have made in all the elegant attainments, furnishes a pleasing object of contemplation, and we may anticipate with no small delight, the period when these charming blossoms, will be ripened to perfection, and our circles receive new polish, from the addition of so many bright ornaments. The influence of women over the manners of the opposite sex is undisputed; when the former are highly enlightened and refined, they cannot fail of communicating amelioration to the latter, and we view in these examples of improvement the precursors of a polite and elegant æra in society. To the young ladies who have distinguished themselves on this occasion, Mistress Beatrice would offer her very sincere congratulations; she would urge them to continue their exertions in so honourable and meritorious a career;

Good actions still must be maintain'd with good,
As bodies nourish'd with resembling food.

The blight of idleness or neglect must not wither the laurels they have won, but a steady adherence to diligence and application, will I flatter myself, again with the revolving year, "bring their blushing honours thick upon them," and penetrate the hearts of their friends and parents with new exultation and delight.

Yet in the midst of the pleasure of which every feeling mind must be susceptible, in beholding so much youthful merit, some

reflections obtruded themselves, upon the tendency which this *public exhibition* of females may have, and the effect the excessive ambition, which it necessarily excites, must produce in the young mind.

Of the advantages of an elegant and polished education, no one can be more sensible than am I ; but yet the happiness of life does not depend on these secondary qualifications, and in education, that which influences the comfort of maturity, is indisputably the most important. That this method of public display is the most likely means of exciting a strong ambition to excel, I cannot deny, but at the same time I am not less firmly persuaded that it tends to awaken the very worst passions to which the human breast is accessible, and above all, those most inimical to the happiness of woman. By this means emulation swells into ambition ; and envy, hatred and malice, are engendered in the hearts of the juvenile competitors for fame. Modesty, the sweetest ornament of the sex, is endangered ; and self-conceit and assurance are the natural offspring of triumph on these occasions.

Any one who pays but slight attention to the operations of the young mind will be convinced of these truths. The little rivals pant for victory, and malice may too often be marked in every feature of the vanquished girl. Convinced of the justice of her claim to the promised reward, envy rankles in her breast at the victory of her rival, and she mentally accuses the judge of partiality and insensibility to her merit. More than once has this position been exemplified in the late examination ; and with the very best intentions injustice may be done. The bashful girl who may possess every talent in a high degree, and have surpassed her companions perhaps in every branch of education, confused by the observation of a crowd, and too timid to stand *public examination* with an unblushing front, may lose through her fears, the mede due to her merits ; thus emulation may be quenched, by undeserved disappointment, while the bolder but less deserving claimant, bears away the reward due to the merits of the timid.

I cannot refrain from thinking it prejudicial to the delicacy of the youthful female, to be thus exhibited to public view. Those who are naturally forward it still more emboldens...the excellencies and attainments of the female, are required for the embellishment of private life...she can possess no accomplishments to which diffidence will not lend new charms, and the most brilliant acquirements disgust, when accompanied with bold and intrusive manners.

I am myself a mother ; and not a stranger to the throb of delight which beats high in the maternal breast, at the view of the excellencies of its cherished offspring—but dear as is the triumph of parental vanity on such occasions, I deem it purchased at too high a price, when I risk that the breast of my child, which ought to be the mansion of peace, benevolonce and deli-

cacy, should be invaded by the fiend of envy, should become the prey of disappointed pride or that from the eclat which attends a public acknowledgment of her merits, she should become insolent, forward, and presuming.

For the Observer.

MILITARY CONSIDERATIONS...CONTINUED.

I know that a short continuance of war may suddenly awaken ideas which at present appear to be abandoned: because what can lend more energy to the mind of men, than the preservation of their families and property.

But at present, however, it cannot be denied that no one obtains here *any fortune*, any *consideration by the profession of arms*; and that all military ideas are repulsed as dangerous; THIS IS EVEN THE SPIRIT AND ONE OF THE ENDS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

It is however not less true that this system is directly opposed to the developement of military emulation, and hence of military studies; because no one will sacrifice youth, nocturnal studies and fortune to a career in which they are conscious they will neither reap profit nor glory. Yet the various parts of a science so vast as that of war, are not to be guessed at.

Doubtless warlike virtues and martial inclinations, dwell in the breast of every brave American; but they cannot be developed in all their extent and efficacy in the first moments of danger, if the valour of individuals is not previously properly directed. And, however, not to think of attending to this object without loss of time would certainly be a misfortune, because you risk being lulled, to a security, which in the present age especially every thing condemns.

Encouraged by the purity of my motives, and the information which I have acquired by a continual intercourse with *persons of the profession*, I shall continue to say all I believe *necessary*, in your approaching situation.

You are seperated by the seas, from those powers which you might fear, and hence you are reduced to a defensive war.

The enemy on his side, is on the contrary, compelled to undertake *an offensive war*, and as by his distance, he has not a chance of terminating it happily, if he suffers himself to be dilatory, and gives you time to know what you are about, to recover from your confusion and to *form* yourselves: if he suffers time enough to elapse for disease and desertion to weaken his forces, he can adopt no other plan than to carry on war rapidly; in a word, spreading disaster around him, to force you to admit his conditions with the least possible delay, and at all events to leave you long and bitter proofs of his irruption, should it even be but momentary.

The bombardment and burning of your towns and maritime

establishments, of your merchantmen, and the pillage of your coasts, &c. &c. Such are the means that a judicious enemy, can and ought to employ, and which he *will employ*, in a country which it cannot be supposed without folly, he should meditate conquering. He will *certainly* employ violent measures, for the very reason that as he cannot hope to keep possession of the country, he will have no interest in sparing it.

And *success may partially attend this destructive system, at least during the first campaign,* because great talents are not necessary to attack and to destroy. This was what occasioned one of the military oracles of the last age to say, "that offensive war may be "within the capacity of the most indifferent general; whilst "it is only in defensive war, that the extent of the genius, the "experience, and the capacity of a really great general can be "known." [Follard's commentary on Polybius, Vol. III.]

Mere commodores or simply partizans, provided they are *soldiers,* may then do you dreadful injury before you could have time, to find in your battalions of militia, chiefs capable of conducting *a defensive* war. Because it is only by great *practice,* supported *by deep theory,* by a constant and almost *exclusive* study, that those *temporizing* captains of which Follard speaks are to be formed.

With time, you certainly will have them, the examples of the brave veterans of the revolutionary war cannot be forgotten.

But, gentlemen, could their merit, their experience and their theory be greater than the theory and the experience of Suwarrow, Brunswick, and the model of heroes, *Prince Charles?* And who could question the valour, the enthusiasm, and the temerity of the *Vendeans,* or the patriotism of the *Swiss?* And yet they were subdued...I will then boldly assert, that what these enthusiastic peasants, poor, hunters, and accustomed to war, commanded by excellent officers, engaged in a local war, and having only the choice of being smothered beneath the ashes of their cottages, of perishing arms in hand in defending their families, or of mounting the scaffold, could not accomplish, we may be allowed to suppose your peaceful inhabitants of the country, would not do with better success.

This parallel, is I think, perfectly honourable to your veteran warriors; and it was necessary to establish it, to induce you to feel the urgency of the danger which may menace you, the importance of my observations, and the necessity of your putting yourselves in a situation to defy the enemy with a probability of success; for, once more if you are not on your guard, the evil will be done before your chiefs and their cohorts, are in a situation to oppose it.

It remains for me to add a few words on *defensive war*; which it would be so much more painful and difficult for you to make, as your line of defence is more immense, and that you could not

know what point, you might be obliged to defend, which is, be it said, *en passant,* the great inconvenience of defensive system; but this inconvenience is encreased a hundred fold in this country by its local situation; since it is impossible to fix as in Europe a part only of frontier, to cover and fortify according to the geographical and relative position of the states with whom you may have to contend. You must guard yourselves every where, and hence, according to one of the axioms of war, *you would be guarded no where.* For my part, the more I reflect, the more I am confounded at this difficulty, when I consider that between Baltimore and Charleston only, there is an extent of country entirely open, without any defence, which equals the whole length of France, from Brabant to Spain.

After all, what is the end of these observations? could it be to discourage you, and paralyse your energy by timid objections, which may still further augment the already striking irresolution of your defensive measures? no certainly! gentlemen; I am too perfectly persuaded that America may by the first struggle learn to know her own strength, for it to be possible that I could *dishonour* myself by insinuations unworthy of her high destinies, *as well as of my own character.*

I here restrain my pen: because there is more than one political discussion which would arise naturally out of my subject, and to which were I a citizen of this country, I should think it a duty due to the country to enter upon, and they would be necessary to present under their real points of view, the causes of contention which already exist, but which must become one day much more serious, between the old and new continent. Yet however necessary these reflections might be to *demonstrate* all the importance of the ideas I now hastily sketch, I shall suppress them; being well persuaded that they will be easily conceived by all judicious persons, and those who seriously reflect on the astonishig character of our age, and the men which it produces.

(To be Continued.)

POLITICAL.

For the Observer.

The observations communicated by Democritus, in his way, in The Observer of the 13th of June, induce me to venture presenting mine on the same subject, although I shall not treat it with quite so much levity as he has done. He has laughed according to custom, at the *gasconades* of the French bulletins, and Gen. Benningsen's reports; but the consequences of these circumstances which have afforded him so much amusement, are too important to mankind, not to merit serious attention on the part of every nation.

The English it is true, persist in giving the Russians the palm of victory at the battle of Eylau, since they pretend " that the

admiral commanding the Rochefort squadron, went into port and disarmed his vessels, on learning the DEFEAT of the French army at Eylau," as if that could or ought to have prevented him from fighting at sea, at a thousand or 1200 miles distant from the scene of action.

In the same way also, they published not long ago, that more than a fifth of the French army, that is, more than 100,000 men had died in the hospitals of the *plica polonica*.

Another day they killed Murat and Augereau and even Bonaparte himself, whom they said had been killed by a musket ball. Another time they contented themselves with having carried off his nose by a cannon ball, or with breaking an arm. After that it was a general insurrection in Prussia, and the imperial guard had refused to march ; then a conspiracy amongst his generals ; after this a corps de reserve of 12,000 men who had laid down their arms ; at length the insurrection of some 100,000 conscripts in the interiour, and the complete defeat of the French army in Calabria, and the march of the Austrians to impede Bonaparte's retreat, who was flying in confusion, wounded and despairing. But the subsequent events have sufficiently demonstrated the absurdity of these tales ; and the fall of *Dantzick* shews how they should be appreciated. If the Russians had obtained any advantages at Eylau, they would never have suffered the French to push the siege of this fortress nor of other places in Silesia, without molesting them.

Could the Russians have flattered themselves with any hopes of success, it was during the winter, when the season of rain and snow rendering it almost impracticable to manœuvre the flying artillery, deprived the French army of this terrible weapon, and reduced it to depend on personal bravery in fighting with the sword and the bayonette.

If the intrepidity of the Russians could not, during this weather, force the positions of the French with the bayonette ; when the season permitted the latter, the full use of their artillery and cavalry, remounted by all the resources of Germany, then it was easy to perceive that Russia would be speedily forced to the defensive.

To be compelled to the defensive system, was in itself a disaster, since it gave Bonaparte the power of terminating his sieges happily, of consolidating his position more than ever, and of withdrawing from it whole armies to strengthen his acting line, and his lines either of reserve or observation.

And we have seen him suddenly create one of his generals (le Fevre) *hereditary Duke of Dantzick*, and march a part of his troops into Dalmatia, and send whole corps of officers into Turkey and Persia to attack Russia in Asia, and *to open his way to India by land* : because it is there that he will and can subdue England.

Thus ought he not necessarily to wish for general peace ;

and if England delays it, her danger will be only so much greater, because one or two battles only, can yet dispute Buonaparte's taking the road to St. Petersburgh, and delay a partial peace with Russia, who then compelled to this step by the fear of invasion, will be constrained also to remain a silent spectator of the march of the French across Asia, and to abandon England to herself: however gigantic this project may seem, its difficulties disappear, from the moment Russia shall have laid down arms.

The promotion of general le Fevre to the rank of a sovereign prince in the very heart of Prussia, sufficiently proves that the fate of this kingdom is decided in the tent of Buonaparte, and that he will establish a state on the Baltic, whichwill keep this sea, and the Northern Powers under his *superintendance*; this point settled, Poland wrested from its victor; Turkey and Persia allied; the jews who abound in Poland, in Turkey and in Asia, rendered fanatic by the privileges which Buonaparte has just accorded to them, marching with transport under his colours, and serving him every where as zealous spies; what can impede the march of one of his armies to India? Nothing. On the contrary is it not clear that in proportion as he approaches the end of his expedition; so will his means become more formidable, since it cannot be doubted that he is called there by the Marattos, still indignant at the death of Tippoo Saib and the humiliation of their empire.

In these circumstances, it is impossible not to be struck by the fatality, which in the western world, casts the United States in the balance of the interests of France, and which in rendering this nation the ally of Buonaparte, places England in danger of losing by the first gun fired, the rest of her continental colonies. Whilst at the same time she will present Buonaparte to the universe as the champion of the independence of the flag of all the maritime powers!

What in this situation will be the fate of Great Britain? this it would be perhaps neither difficult, nor imprudent to predict; in a wordit offers to one of my character, a vast subject for melancholy reflections which I think it proper to spare you.

HERACLITUS.

For the Observer.

BULLETIN OF THE HEALTH OF ZOILUS AND COMPANY.

If any mongrel shall assail,
Attack me both with tooth and nail,
What! like a truant boy, shall I
Do nothing in revenge—but cry?

[Horace, Epode vi...against Crassus Severus, a scurrilous orator.]

The great man, because there is only one in the western hemisphere, namely, *Zoilus,* has had another attack of fever this

week, which continues as usual, to affect his brain. Silenced by the proofs which we have given of the want of candour of this wretched cabal, he has contented himself with saying, that THE OBSERVER *was too much beneath him to merit reply!!* This method of defence is *convenient*, but it does not suffice ; it does not justify. We only discover in it the acknowledgment of a defeat, and the repetition of the FOX in the fable, who not able to reach the grapes he so much desired to *grind under his teeth*, turned his back upon them saying, *they were too green!*

But since this arch-hero did not deem it beneath him to attack The Observer grossly and virulently, without any legitimate cause ; whatever qualms it may cost The Observer, to be obliged to sacrifice a moment's attention to any of the pack of Zoilus's ; we DEFY them to defend themselves either by the arms of reason or facts, and in a style which polite and well informed readers can endure.

Although as a literary work the OBSERVER had an undoubted right to examine and criticise these obscure Spectacles, through which quackery had imagined to exhibit its phantasmagoria to the public.....yet, the *Observer* would never have thought of disturbing the trade of the *Spectacles*, which we deem so perfectly out of the path of literature, had not the Spectacle dealers attacked us in so indecent and intolerable a manner.

Had these beings a single friend, who would advise them no more to provoke attention, but to content themselves with exclaiming with all humility, *Mea culpâ! mea maxima culpa!*

But I much fear, they have not so useful a friend, and that their vexation will throw them into a decline for like the envious man in Horace, [satire 1st, book 1st,] " they pine at seeing their neighbour's goat give more milk than their own," and this disease is incurable because it proceeds from the heart.

THE NUMERAL FIGURES.

The Numeral Figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, which we now employ, began to be made use of, in Europe, for the first time, in 1240, in the Alphonsean Tables, made by the order of Alphonso, son of Ferdinand, King of Castile ; who employed, for this purpose, Isaac Hazan, a Jew singer, of the Synagogue of Toledo; aud Abel Ragel, an Arabian. The Arabs took them from the Indians in 900. The other Eastern nations received them through the means of the Spaniards, in a short time after their invasions. The first Greek who made use of them, was Plenudes, in a work dedicated to Michael Paleologus, in 1270 ; so that the Greeks had them not from the Arabs, but the Latins.

These cyphers, in the indexes of French books, are frequently called *Arabic cyphers*, to distinguish them from *Roman numerals*. Dr. Wallis is of opinion that they became generally used in England about the year 1130. This account is disputable.

GROTIUS.

The life of Grotius had been written by De Burigny.

The following anecdotes I select, because they appear interesting, and form a biographic sketch, which instructs the mind. They shew the singular felicity of a man of letters, having a father who promoted his studies; and in what manner a student can pass his hours in the closest imprisonment. The gate of the prison has sometimes been the porch of fame.

Grotius was born with the happiest dispositions: he was studious from his infancy. He received from nature, says de Burigny, a profound genius, a solid judgment, and a wonderful memory. He was so fortunate as to find in his father, a pious and able mentor, who at once formed his genius and his heart. The young Grotius, in imitation of Horace, has celebrated in verse his gratitude for so good a father.

One of the most interesting circumstances in the life of this great man, and which most strongly marks the power of his genius, and the fortitude of his courage, is displayed in the manner in which he employed his time during his imprisonment.... It does honour to religion and to science: it eminently proves the consolations which are reserved for the philosopher. When another is condemned to exile and captivity, if he lives, he despairs: the man of letters counts those very days as the sweetest hours of his life.

De Burigny informs us, that when he was a prisoner at the Hague, he laboured on a Latin essay, on the means of terminating religious disputes, which cause so many infelicities in the state, in the Church, and in families; when he was carried to Louvestein, he resumed his law studies, which other employments had interrupted. He gave a portion of his time to moral philosophy, which engaged him to translate the maxims of the ancient poets, collected by Stobœus, and the fragments of Menander and Philemon. Every Sunday was devoted to read the scriptures, and to write his commentaries on the New Testament... In the course of this week he fell ill, but as soon as he recovered his health, he composed his treatise, in Dutch verse, on the truth of the christian religion. Sacred and profane authors occupied him alternately. His only mode of refreshing his mind, was to pass from one work to another. He sent to Vossus his observations on the Tragedies of Seneca. He wrote several other works; particularly a little Catechism, in verse, for his daughter Cornelia: and, to conclude, he gathered materials to form his Apology. Add to these various labours, an extensive correspondence he held with the learned, and his friends; and, it is observed, his letters were so many treatises. Although his talents produced thus abundantly, his confinement was not more than two years. We may well exclaim here, in rather a trite expression, that his soul was not imprisoned.

Perhaps the most sincere eulogium, and the most grateful to this illustrious scholar, was that which he received at the hour of his death.

When this great man was travelling to Holland, he was suddenly struck by the hand of death, at the village of Rostock... The parish minister, who was called in his last moments, ignorant who the dying man was, began to go over the trite and ordinary things said on those occasions. Grotius, who saw there was no time to lose in frivolous exhortations, as he found himself almost at the last gasp, turned to him, and told him, that he needed not those exhortions; and he concluded by saying, *Sum Grotius?*...I am Grotius. *Tu magnus ille Grotius?*..." What! are you the great Grotius?" interrogated the minister. What an eulogium!

PASQUIN AND MARFORIO.

All the world have heard of these statues; they have served as vehicles for the keenest satire in a land of the most uncontrouled despotism. The statue of Pasquin (from whence the word pasquinade) and that of Marforio, are placed in Rome, in two different quarters. Marforio's is a statue that lies at it's whole length; it represents, according to some, *Panarium Iovum*; and, according to others, the river *Rhine* or the *Nar*. That of Pasquin is a marble statue, greatly mutilated, which stands as the corner of the palace of the Ursinos, and it is supposed to be the figure of a Gladiator. Whatever they may have been, it is now of little consequence: it is certain that no one or other of these statues are affixed, during the concealment of the night, those satires or lampoons which the authors wish should be dispersed about Rome without any danger to themselves. When Marforio is attacked, Pasquin comes to his succour; and when Pasquin is the sufferer, he finds in Marforio a constant defender. It is thus, with a thrust and a parry, the most serious matters are disclosed; and the most illustrious personages are attacked by their enemies, and defended by their friends.

An anonymous author has given us the following account of the origin of the names of the statue of Pasquin. A satirical shoe-maker, who lived at Rome, and whose name was Pasquin, amused himself with rallying very severely those who passed by his shop. He soon became famous; and had he had time to publish, he would have been the Peter Pindar of his day. But his genius seems to have been satisfied to rest on his shop-board. Some time after his death there was found under the pavement of his shop this statue of an ancient Gladiator. It was soon set up; and, by universal consent, was inscribed with his name... And they attempt to raise him from the dead, by frequently reviving his spirit, and rendering the statue worthy of the name it bears.

I have not discovered the origin of the name of Marforio.

THE GREAT AND LITTLE TURK.

Titles frequently remain when the occasions of making them are forgotten. Perhaps few know why the Ottoman Emperour is called *The Great and Little Turk;* it is not, as some have imagined, to distinguish him from his own subjects. This was the occasion. Mahomet the Second was the first of these Emperours on whom the Christians bestowed the title of the Great Turk...It was not owing to his great actions that this splendid title was accorded to him, but to the vast extent of his dominions, in comparison with those of the Sultan of Iconia, or Cappadocia, his contemporary, who was distinguished by the title of *The Little Turk.* After the taking of Constantinople, Mahomet the Second deprived the latter of his domains; and still preserved the title of the Great Turk, though the propriety of it, by this accident, was lost.

SPANISH MONKS.

The Monks in Spain have introduced a custom which is very useful to them. It is, that the money to pay the masses which a dying man orders to be said for him, must be paid out of the estate he leaves, in preference to all his debts. The Spaniards, who seem to have a terrible dread of his Satannic majesty, order frequently so great a number of masses, that too often there remains little or nothing for their unfortunate heirs and creditors. On these occasions, they say, in their humourous way..."*Mr. such-an-one has left his soul his heir.*" A Spanish monarch ordered 100,000 masses to be said for him.

COFFEE.

It is curious to observe the description *Purchas* gives us of *Coffee,* when yet it had not been introduced into Europe. He writes, that "the Turks have *Coffa*-houses more common than ale-houses with us; in or near to which, on benches in the street, they will sit chatting most of the day, drinking their *Coffa*...so called of a berry it is made of...as hot as they can endure it. It is black as soot, and tastes not much unlike it; good, they say, for digestion and mirth." The second edition of this book was published in 1625. Coffee was introduced into England by Mr. Edwards, a Turkish merchant, in the year 1652.

Mr. Gough, in his British topography, however, says, that one Jobson, a Jew, set up the first coffee-house, at Oxford, in 1650. Arthur Tillyard, apothecary, sold it publicly in his own house, 1655; and Jobson, afterwards in London, 1671.

BOOKS OF LOVE AND DEVOTION.

The agreeable Menage has this acute observation on the writings of love and religion.

" Books of devotion, and those of love are alike bought..... The only difference I find is, that there are more who read books of love, than buy them; and there are more who buy books of devotion than read them."

ANECDOTES.

A GRATEFUL PLAYER.

Early in the last century, Griffin, the comedian, eminent for his powers of mimicry, was to have been introduced on the stage to take off the person, manner, and singularly aukward delivery of the famous Dr. Woodward, who was to be *launched* in the character of Dr. Fossil, in " *Three hours after Marriage.*" The mimic dressed himself as a countryman, and waited on the doctor with a long catalogue of complaints, which he said his wife was afflicted with. The physician heard with amazement diseases and pains of the most opposite nature, repeated, redoubled, and accumulated on the wretched patient. The actor's intention was to keep in Dr. Woodward's company as long as possible, that he might the better mark his peculiarities of voice and gesture; and having attained his purpose, he, with an aukward scrape, made an uncouth offer of his guinea, which the doctor, with a shake of his head, rejected, and said, " Put up thy money, poor fellow, put up thy money, thou hast need of all thy cash, and all thy patience too, to bear such a bundle of diseases as are tied to thy back."

The actor, on his return to Mr. Pope, who had employed him, assumed the doctor's character with much precision, and marked his absurdities with such humour, that the poet was in raptures, and expressed his entire approbation in the warmest terms. But these raptures were soon checked, when Griffin told him with the emphasis of sensibility, that though he had given him this *private* exhibition to prove that he was *master of his subject*, yet he would sooner suffer death than prostitute his talents to render a man of such genuine philanthropy a *public* laughing stock."

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

An eminent carcase butcher, as meagre in his person as he was in his understanding, being one day in a bookseller's shop, took up a volume of Churchill's Poems, and by way of shewing his taste, repeated with great affectation the following line:

" Who rules o'er freemen, should himself be free."

Then turning to the doctor,..." What think you of that, Sir?" said he " Rank nonsense, (replied he) it is an assertion without a proof, you might as well say,

" Who slays fat oxen, should himself be fat."

A student at law, who studied at Poitiers, had tolerably improved himself in cases of equity; not that he was overburthened with learning, but his chief deficiency was a want of assurance and confidence to display his knowledge. His father passing by Poitiers, recommended him to read aloud, and to render his memory more prompt by a continual exercise. To obey the injunctions of his father, he determined to read at the *Ministry*.... In order to obtain a certain assurance, he went every day into a garden, which was a very secret spot, being at a distance from any house, and where there grew a great number of fine large cabbages. Thus, for a long time, as he pursued his studies, he went to repeat his lesson to these cabbages, addressing them by the title of *gentlemen*; and dealing out his sentences, as if they had composed an audience of scholars at a lecture. After having prepared himself thus for a fortnight or three weeks, he began to think it was high time to take the *chair*; imagining that he should be able to harangue the scholars, as well as he had before done his cabbages. He comes forward, he begins his oration...but, before he had said a dozen words, he remained dumb, and became so confused, that he knew not where he was: so that all he could bring out was...*Domini, Ego bene video quod non estis caules*: that is to say...for there are some who will have every thing in plain English...*Gentlemen, I now clearly see you are no cabbages.* In the *garden* he could conceive the *cabbages* to be *scholars*; but, in the *chair*, he could not conceive the *scholars* to be *cabbages*.

A man who had a termagrant wife, after a long dispute in which he resolved to have the last word, told her if she spoke one more crooked word, he would beat her brains out...why then, rams horns, you dog, said she, if I die for it.

When Frederick 3d. of Prussia wrote to D'Alembert to meet him at Wesel after the peace of 1763, the king's first question was,..." do the mathematics furnish any method of calculating political probabilities?" To which this great geometrician replied,...that "he was not acquainted with any such method, but that if any such existed, it could be of no use to a hero who could conquer against all probability."

Three gentlemen being to sup at a tavern, one of them wished for patridge; a brace were brought, and he who had ordered them was requested to divide them; which he accordingly did, by taking one to his own plate, and leaving the other for his friends. "Stop," cried one of them, "this is unequal division!"..." Not so," replied he, "there is one *for you two*, and one *for me too*."

A TRAVELLER'S SINGULARITIES.

Balthazar Gratian, author of the Courtier, has frequently very singular strokes of imagination. In one of his works, he supposes his hero to travel in search of a *true friend*. Among the most singular curiosities he meets with in his travels, are to be distingnished the following ones...A poor Judge, with his wife, neither of whom had any fingers to their hands; a great lord without any debts; a prince who was never offended at the truth being told him to his face ; a poet, who became rich by the produce of his works ; a monarch, who died without any suspicion of having been poisoned; a humble Spaniard ; a silent Frenchman ; a lively Englishman ; a German, who disliked wine ; a a learned man recompensed ; a chaste widow ; a madman discontented ; a sincere female ; and, what was more singular than all these singularities, *a true friend !*

For the Observer.

HISTORICAL EPHEMERIS.

The 8th of August 1792, there were in the legislative assembly of France, 274 voices against 426 for prosecuting the *ex-marquis de la Fayette* as a traitor.

The 8th of August 1793, the convention suppressed all the academies and literary societies. Then the exercise of the liberal arts as well as as that of literature and medicine no longer depended on any thing but the purchase of a licence, such as is exacted for the exercise of the vilest trades. The same day Mr. Pitt was declared by a decree, the *enemy of human nature*

The 8th of August 1794, Pichegru received the command of 190,000 men, to effect the invasion of Holland.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Observer.

SONNET.....*SNOW.*

SAD ruthless scene ! when nature's clad in white,
And fleeting snow wafts down all icy cold,
Dreary the day, and dull the long lone night ;
Oh ! pity then the shepherd's fleecy fold.

Attend ye sons of fortune, mirth and joy,
All you who riot o'er the festive bowl,
Come, pensive see, how many wants annoy
The friendless poor, perhaps the feeling soul.

Ye generous few, go make their infants smile;
Thrice happy they who smooth the brow of care.
Now trackless roads lone travellers beguile,
Forlorn, benighted, and oppress'd with fear.

Severe's the time when hail or snow descends;
But spring, gay spring, and summer make amends

SIBERIA.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE POEM OF HALLER VERSIFIED.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. P. L.

Ah! woods forever dear! whose branches spread
Their verdant arch o'er HASEL'S breezy head,
When shall I once again, supinely laid,
Hear Philomela charm your list'ning shade?
When shall I stretch my careless limbs again,
Where, gently rising from the velvet plain,
O'er the green hills, in easy curve that bend,
The mossy carpet Nature's hands extend?
Where all is silent! save the gales that move
The leafy umbrage of the whisp'ring grove;
Or the soft murmurs of the rivulet's wave,
Whose chearing streams the lonely meadows lave.

O Heav'n! when shall once more these eyes be cast
On scenes where all my spring of life was pass'd;
Where, oft responsive to the falling rill,
Sylvia and love my artless lays would fill?
While Zephyr's fragrant breeze, soft breathing, stole
A pleasing sadness o'er my pensive soul:
Care, and her ghastly train, were far away;
While calm, beneath the sheltering woods I lay
Mid shades, impervious to the beams of day.

Here—sad reverse!—from scenes of pleasure far,
I wage with sorrow unremitting war:
Oppress'd with grief, my ling'ring moments flow,
Nor aught of joy, or aught of quiet, know.
Far from the scenes that gave my being birth,
From parents far, an outcast of the earth!
In youth's warm hours, from each restriction free,
Left to myself in dangerous liberty.

Ah! scenes of early joy! ah, much-lov'd shades!
Soon may my footsteps tread your vernal glades.
Ah! should kind Heav'n permit me to explore
Your seats of still tranquillity once more!
E'en now to Fancy's visionary eye,
Hope shews the flattering hour of transport nigh,
Blue shines the æther, when the storm is past;

And calm repose succeeds to sorrow's blast.
Flourish, ye scenes of every new delight!
Wave wide your branches to my raptur'd sight!
While, ne'er to roam again, my wearied feet
Seek the kind refuge of your calm retreat.

Now pale disease shoots thro' my languid frame,
And checks the zeal for wisdom and for fame.
Now droops fond Hope, by Disappointment cross'd;
Chill'd by neglect, each sanguine wish is lost.
O'er the weak mound stern Ocean's billows ride,
And waft destruction in with every tide;
While Mars, descending from his crimson car,
Fans with fierce hands the kindling flames of war.

Her gentle aid let Consolation lend;
All human evils hasten to their end.
The storm abates at every gust it blows;
Past ills enhance the comforts of repose.
He who ne'er felt the pressure of distress,
Ne'er felt returning pleasure's keen excess.
Time, who Affliction bore on rapid wing,
My panting heart to happiness may bring;
I, on my native hills, may yet inhale
The purer influence of the ambient gale.

ON HEALTH.

With thee, blithe health, I wish to live;
Thy presence truer joys will give,
Than all the blest on high:
Ne'er let me need thy influence kind,
But still a willing inmate find,
To soften age's sigh.

If Plutus show'r an envious store,
If men your godlike sway adore,
And children prove most kind;
If futive love your bosom fire,
And Venus thrilling hopes inspire,
That wake your inmost mind:

If greater blessings jove bestow,
And bounteous grant from wordly woe
Much intervening rest:
With thee, celestial, all things please;
A spring perennial spreads its breeze;
Without thee none is blest.

J. ROBINSON, PRINTER.